Def. He faies he will returne incontinent:
He hath commanded me to goe to bed,
And bad me to diſmiſſe you.
Em. Diſmiſſe me?
Def. It was his bidding, therefore good *Emillia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adiue,
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.
Em I would you had neuer ſeene him.
Def. So would not I, my loue doth ſo approue him,
That euen his ſtubbornneſſe, his checks and frownes.
Prethee vnpin me; haue grace and fauour in them.
Em. I haue laid theſe ſheetes you bade me, on the bed.
Def. All's one good faith: how fooliſh are our minds?
If I doe die before thee, prethee ſhrowd me
In one of thoſe ſame ſheetes.
Em. Come, come, you talke.
Def. My mother had a maid cald *Barbary*,
She was in loue, and he ſhe lou'd, prou'd mad,
And did forſake her, ſhe has a ſong of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it expreſt her fortune,
And ſhe died ſinging it, that Song to night,
Will not goe from my mind -- harke, who's that knocks?
Em. It is the wind:
Def. Now get thee gone, good night:
Mine eyes doe itch, does that bode weeping?
Em. Tis neither here nor there.
Def. Wouldſt thou doe ſuch a deed, for all the world?
Em. Why would not you.
Def. No, by this heauenly light.
Em. Nor I neither, by this heauenly light,
I might doe it as well in the darke.
Def. Would thou doe ſuch a thing for all the world?
Em. The world is a huge thing, it is a great price,
For a ſmall vice.
Def. Good troth I thinke thou wouldſt not.
Em. By my troth I thinke I ſhould, and vndo't when I had done it, mary I would not doe ſuch a thing for a ioynt ring; or for meaſures

ſures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, or
ſuch exhibition; but for the whole w
not make her husband a Cuckole, to m
venture purgatory for it.
Def. Beſ- rew me, if I would doe
For the whole world.
Em. Why, the wrong is but a wro
world for your labour, tis a wrong i
might quickly make it right.
Def. I doe not thinke there is any
Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many t
the world they played for.
Def. Good night, good night: G
Not to picke bad from bad, but by k

Actus.

Enter Iago *and* R
Iag. Here ſtand behind this Bulk
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and pu
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, I'le be
It makes vs or it marres vs, thinke of
And fixe moſt firme thy reſolution.
Rod. Be neere at hand, I may mi
Iag. Here at thy hand, be bold,
Rod. I haue no great deuotion t
And yet he has giuen me ſatisfying
Tis but a man gone: forth my ſwor
Iag. I haue rubd this young gna
And he growes angry now: wheth
Or *Caſsio* him, or each doe kill the o
Euery way makes my game; liue
He calls me to a reſtitution large,
For Gold and Iewells, that I bobd
As gifts to *Deſdemona*:
It muſt not be, if *Caſsio* doe remaine

L

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)